

the architect and the architect had nothing to do with each other, but that the architect was something he could not exactly tell what or how, but he believed had something to do with the quarter of the Archipelago, with which also he had nothing to do. All this I recollect, and certainly, though I may now smile at the ignorance of my poor father and neighbour Percy, yet I am not bound to hold with all that we are hearing and having dined into our ears every day. Almost every third person I meet with has some friend or friend's friend who is an architect, or is acquainted with an architect—and I meet with them at parties; and there is cousin Symmetry has placed his son by his first wife as pupil to an architect; but what call can there be, or what to do for so many architects? Architects, like Proctors, should keep their places, and some two or three of them inhabit a cathedral town, to take care of those thin old buildings and the churches, for the churchwardens, they say, do not look to those things properly; but, Lord bless us, do not let us be bored with architecture at every turn. Let them have a book-seller specially to themselves, if they will—and now I think of it, I recollect something of an old established shop in that way somewhere in Holborn; but here I see Messrs. Longmans are publishing works on architecture, and Mr. Tit pushing them before one's nose, and Bell & Wood, and others, as the advertisements tell us. Nay, to crown all, there is that very Bos, in his new work, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, beginning with an architect, which, by the way, proves what I have already said, that he is wearing out his subjects—and aund what I say again, it will break down! He should take popular characters and popular subjects; but an architect! Why, not one in a thousand knows or cares any thing about architects, Trask! and now just to look at this—a weekly paper, called *Tux Brevin*; and another character to be drawn out—an Enthusiast, who is also an architect? Well, upon my word, that is good! We have heard of castles in the air; I suppose we are going to have a build of them, and that this Enthusiast is to be the architect. Well, that is as it should be—the clouds for the architects, and the architects for the clouds.

But when shall we sit down to our business!—Miss Fatima Five-and-forty has had the turn of our pencil, and Enthusiast still awaits its return.

Enthusiast is an architect; that is, he is so for the limning; for Enthusiast enters into most things, and is the life and soul of them. We cannot go into his parentage, to show how he is allied to, or of the family of, the Geniuses; but really it is a difficult task this sketching that we have undertaken, and reminds us of one of George Cruikshank's humorous, under the head of "Ugly Customers;" but that we are so much out of love with our subject as with the task we have undertaken.

Do excuse us, good readers, for a while longer, and we will tell you a story about this same Enthusiast. It is a trick of some of our contemporary painters to beguile the sinner by a conversation on some topic which throws him from the restraint of posture-making; perhaps if we try it, Enthusiast may be caught in a more favourable attitude, and we may close the day with some success for our hitherto failing and disappointed pencil.

Enthusiast was one day engaged in a discussion with a lady friend, and bair, in the usual warmth of his manner, been descending on the beauties and properties of Church Architecture in connection with the proposed erection of a suitable structure of this class in a wealthy manufacturing town. "It should be a cathedral," said he, "at least in dimension, in aspect, in decorations and appointments." He had dwelt on the peculiar features it should possess, on the facilities that could be commanded, on the energies that ought to be exerted, and so on, when he was cut short in his rhapsody by the cruel observation of the lady.—"and a common use it is,—There is no money for such things now-a-days."

Casting his eyes around, as if in a reverie of thought, he scanned the character of the various luxuries of the well-appointed drawing-room in which they sat. Glancing from the broad mirror boldly superposed on the massive carved chimney-piece of Carrara marble, which in its turn enclosed the highly polished steel and burnish-

to the rich silk hangings of the windows—their gilded cornices and single sheets of plate-glass—thence to the chairs of rosewood and ivory inlaid, the seats of silken suit—the companion couch and ottoman of most ample dress—the curious and costly cabinet, the screens, the gold-mounted harp, the "grand piano;"—pacing once the length of the room on the gay velvet of the carpet, he turned again and rested his view on the table, richly decked with books, most expensive in all the appliances of paper, type, illustration, and binding—having done all this, with breath suppressed and stiflings of emotion, which soon had broken out with a scornful repetition of the lady's words, "there is no money for such things now-a-days," he quietly disengaged himself of this passion, and by an apparently easy transition ran on to this:

"I have been calling to mind some of my early readings, and most prominent just now is the recollection of the observations of Hope when treating the subject of Egyptian Architecture and commenting on the vastness of the Pyramids, he enters into a speculation as to the means by which the people of that country under the Pharaohs were enabled to find the leisure, or the time necessary for the construction of such stupendous works, and he ventures to ascribe it to the natural fertility of the soil caused by the annual over-flowings of the Nile, thus demanding less from the Egyptians of the labour and care of agriculture; and hence the drift of their directions in the direction of architecture. True, the bounty of nature would go a long way in supplying to the cravings of art the leisure and opportunity for gratification. True, those pyramids—evidence of the direction of great means and great powers to an end which astounded more than it edified us; but what were the bounties of Egypt's irrigating water, what the greatness of their pyramids compared with that bounty which Providence has given us in the mineral and the out-growing mechanical characteristics of this favoured country, and the pyramids which we erect as if in emulation of Egyptian vanity and intemperance?" "Pyramids!" interrupted the lady. "Ah, it is always so with you, to propound to us first some extravagant project, and when driven from your ground by a common sense and practical answer, to take shelter in some ambiguity or paradox. Pyramids, Sir,—what is your meaning?" "Here," said the Enthusiast, "here, madam, are stones from some of the English pyramids, of which your Scotts and Berons, and Hulwers, and Marryatts, have been the architects. Compare the labours, and the end of the labours of these ingenious minds with those of the architects of the Egyptian pyramids, and tell me then the difference in amount. See the glories and untiring industry of him of Abbotford, devoted to an incessant warfare out of the energies of his mind in design;—pyramids of fiction—look on the anti-like; idle and a trifle of the thousands whom he brought into requisition to be engaged in the building—look at the millions of devotes who have prostrated and continue to prostrate themselves at these great emblems of his genius.—The paper-makers—the printers—the artists employed in illustration—the binders—the book-sellers—the advertising—the correspondence—the carrying—volumes, pyramids of volumes to advertise alone—an endless train of carriages and horse of road for the conveyance—the Builders and makers employed on all these—and on the establishments of printers, book-sellers, &c.—and then the excited multitude of expectants, the absorbed and half-entranced readers—the hours, days, weeks, months, and years of reading—the impatience of interruption till the whole delusion is swallowed—the readings again and again—the contagion from the elders to the younger—children even bewildered with the passion to peep into, to pore over, and last, to read as rain-books these little better than idle fables—boundless in their aim and object, and partless in all but their rival obtuseness of the mountain-mocking pyramids. The fertility, the leisure, and the vanities of Egypt!—oh, madam, this country was starchy—their leisure, incessant bustle compared with what we enjoy and their vain direction of labour and thought not to be named after this enumeration of vanities. Pyramids!—where they had one we have ten. Where ages were required by the

Egyptians, we in as many years outlive them, and yet you answer to my aspirations as, 'We have no money for such things as these!'

Reader, we have beguiled ourselves and you, and now the Enthusiast, into a mixing; and one feature is sketched of his likeness and his character.

### STREET-SWEEPING MACHINE.

We give the following notice in connection with the subject of Wood Pavements, believing, as we do, that the efficiency of that mode of paving greatly depends upon its being kept clean; an object which this invention will materially facilitate.

*Patent Self-loading Cart, or Street-Sweeping Machine.*

The Self-loading Cart has been lately brought into operation in the town of Manchester, where it has excited a considerable degree of public attention. It is the invention of Mr. Whitworth, of the firm of Messrs. Joseph Whitworth & Co., engineers, by whom it has been patented, and is now in process of manufacture. The principle of the invention consists in employing the rotary motion of locomotive wheels, moved by horse or other power, to raise the loose soil from the surface of the ground, and deposit it in a vehicle attached.

It will be evident that the self-loading principle is applicable to a variety of purposes. Its most important application, however, is to the cleaning of streets and roads. The apparatus for this purpose consists of a series of brushes suspended from a light frame of wrought-iron, hung behind a common cart, the body of which is placed as near the ground as possible, for the greater facility of loading. As the cart-wheels revolve, the brushes successively sweep the surface of the ground, and carry the soil up an inclined plane, at the top of which it falls into the body of the cart.

The apparatus is extremely simple in construction, and will have no tendency to get out of order, nor will it be liable to material injury from accident. The draught is not severe on the horse. Throughout the process of filling, a larger amount of force is not required than would be necessary to draw the full cart an equal distance.

The success of the operation is more remarkable than its simplicity. Proceeding at a moderate speed through the public streets, the cart leaves behind it a well-swept track, which forms a striking contrast with the adjacent grounds. Though of the full size of a common cart, it has repeatedly filled itself in the space of six minutes from the principal thoroughfares of the town before mentioned.

The state of the streets in our large towns, and particularly in the metropolis, it must be admitted, is far from satisfactory. It is productive of various hindrance to traffic, and a vast amount of public inconvenience. The evil does not arise from the want of a liberal expenditure on the part of the local authorities. In the township of Manchester, the annual outlay for scavenging is upwards of 5,000*l.* This amount is expended in the township alone. In the remaining districts of the town, the expense is considerable. Other towns are burdened in an equal or still greater proportion. Yet, notwithstanding the amount of outlay, the effective work done is barely one-sixth part of what would be necessary to keep the public streets in proper order. In the district before referred to, they were a short time ago distributed into the following classes according to the frequency of cleaning them:—Class A.—once a week; B.—once a fortnight; C.—once a month. It may be safely asserted, that all these streets should be swept at least as often as Class A. The main thoroughfares, as well as the back streets and combined courts, crowded with the poorer part of the population, absolutely require cleaning out daily. But the expense already incurred effectually prevents a more frequent repetition of the process. The expensive use of the present system, in fact, renders it altogether inefficient; nor is there any chance of material improvement in this important department of public policy, unaccompanied by a corresponding reduction in the rate of expenditure.

According to the *Kunstblatt*, a German painter, Edward Hauser, of Basel, has been commissioned to prepare cartoons for the oil paintings intended to decorate the church at Ulm, which Mr. Pugin is going to build at the Earl of Derby's expense. One of the designs, "The Last Judgment," is spoken of as exceedingly beautiful. On the same authority, we learn that Thorwaldsen has sustained a loss by the wreck of a ship, bound from Leghorn to Hamburg. On board were several of his works, most of which were saved, but were completely spoiled by the sea-water; from which we infer that they were plaster casts.